

"To care for him who has borne the battle, and for his widow and orphans."

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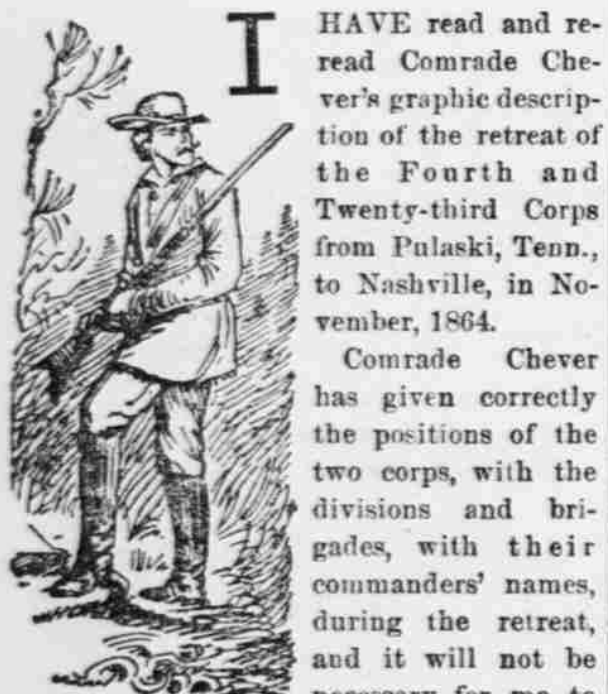
VOL. XIII—NO. 20—WHOLE NO. 654.

FROM PULASKI
TO NASHVILLE.The Positions and Part Taken by the
First Brigade, Second Division,
Fourth Corps.

READY TO MOVE.

War Clouds Gathering Thick
and Fast.

IN THE DEAD OF NIGHT.

How the Union Army Passed
on to Franklin.BY G. V. LODGE, SURGEON, 73D ILL. CAMP
POINT, ILL.far as it will be necessary to make my story
intelligible.

I HAVE read and re-read Comrade Chever's graphic description of the retreat of the Fourth and Twenty-third Corps from Pulaski, Tenn., to Nashville, in November, 1864.

Comrade Chever has given correctly the positions of the two corps, with the divisions and brigades, with their commanders' names, during the retreat, and it will not be necessary for me to repeat them, only so

far as it will be necessary to make my story intelligible.

My object in writing this is not to criticize any part of the army, or any officer or soldier, for they were all old veterans and were able and willing to do their duty and obey their orders, but to state the positions and part taken, especially, by the First Brigade, Second Division, Fourth Corps, in this retreat, commanded by Gen. Opdycke, and composed of the 24th Wis., 36th, 44th, 73d, 74th, 84th Ill., and 125th Ohio, which latter was Gen. Opdycke's own regiment.

In order to have a better understanding of the position of the Union and Confederate armies in November, 1864, we will start from Pulaski, Tenn., a small town situated some 75 or 80 miles south of Nashville, with a good and substantial pike the whole distance between the two places.

The army of Gen. Sherman, together with the two corps sent by him to the assistance of Gen. Thomas in the defense of Nashville, had been busily engaged for six or eight weeks in chasing Gen. Hood and his army over the hills and through the valleys of northern Georgia and southern Tennessee, without even getting a sight of his rear-guard.

Gen. Sherman having become perfectly disgusted with the useless chase, halted his



GEN. EMERSON OPDYCKE, U.S.A.

army at Galesville, and as soon as he had ascertained that Hood had crossed the Tennessee River with his army, returned to Atlanta, and commenced his great "march to the sea."

The Twenty-third Corps, commanded by Gen. Schofield, and the Fourth Corps, commanded by Gen. Stanley, went into camp at Pulaski.

STILL WATCHING

the movements of Hood and waiting for orders from Gen. Thomas.

Gen. Hood had crossed the Tennessee River, and was busily engaged in recruiting his army, and succeeded at last in making it a very formidable host of 45,000 infantry, with 12,000 cavalry under the command of the noted Gen. Forrest. He made the boast that when he had completed his campaign there would not be a single Union flag afloat between Florence and the Ohio River.

There were also six or seven thousand Union cavalry somewhere between the Tennessee River and the Tennessee River, watching the movements of Hood's army. The Union cavalry were commanded by the brave and gallant Gen. Wilson, who was never caught sleeping, and never neglected to strike the enemy a blow whenever an opportunity presented.

So soon as Gen. Wilson had ascertained that Hood with his whole army was crossing the Tennessee River at Florence, he immediately notified Gen. Thomas, at Nashville, Tenn., of the situation. Gen. Thomas, on the reception of this, ordered Gens. Schofield and Stanley to withdraw all the troops under their respective commands without delay to the defense of Nashville.

Marching orders were received by the Second Division, Fourth Corps, early in

the morning of the 20th day of November. For the last five or six consecutive days the rain

POURED DOWN IN TORRENTS, the small streams were turned into rivers, and the country about Pulaski was flooded. The storm finally ended in sleet and snow, the snow completely covering the ground. It became excessively cold for this latitude, ice forming in some places nearly an inch in thickness.

For the next two or three days all was hurry and turmoil in the camp, the men wading about in the mud and slush, ankle deep, making hasty preparations for a move. No one but the commanding officer knew their destination. There were a thousand rumors afloat; the grapevine telegraph was busy. One of the telegrams was that we were going to Columbia for winter quarters. Another was that Hood and his whole army had crossed the Tennessee River, and was making haste to intercept the train and army at Columbia and destroy them, and this came very near being the truth.

The two divisions of the Twenty-third Corps, all that were at Pulaski at that time, moved out to the pike and commenced the march to Nashville sometime in the afternoon of the 21st day of November, 1864.



READY FOR THE MARCH.

They were encumbered with the large train, belonging to both corps, of 800 or 900 wagons. In order to shorten the length of the train, the wagons were doubled up two abreast, and in that manner they were continued all the way to Nashville, except when bridges were to be crossed, as at Duck and Harpeth Rivers, when they were compelled to cross in single file.

THIS FORMATION

of the trains made it very inconvenient for the train guards, and all the other troops that were obliged to pass, compelling them to march by the side of the pike the whole distance.

Early in the morning of November 22d the Second Division, Fourth Corps, with three days' rations in their haversacks, and 40 rounds of ammunition in their cartridge-boxes, moved out through the town of Pulaski to the pike, and started on the march north in the direction of Nashville.

The sky was clear, but the weather was cold, the wind blowing almost a gale from the north and west, and before the march for the day ended there was quite a fall of snow. After a brisk march of 12 miles the division went into camp at the village of Linville.

In consequence of the blockade of the pike by the wagon-train and other causes, the division was delayed, though they made several attempts to march, and finally returned to their old camp for another night. While the division was waiting in this camp it became generally known that Hood and his whole large army of infantry, artillery and cavalry had crossed the Tennessee River; that his objective point was Columbia, and his object the capture of the train, or at least the interception and destruction of some portion of the army, and prevent the reinforcement of Gen. Thomas at Nashville.

The number of Hood's army was at least

FOUR TO ONE

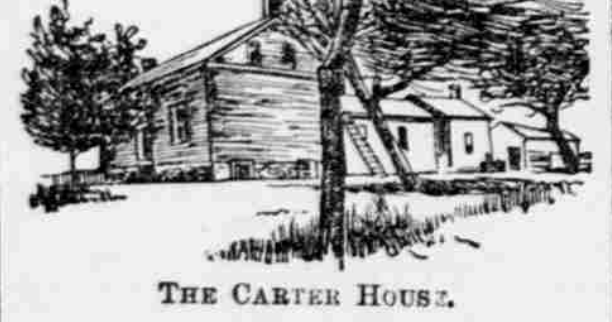
in proportion to any force of the Union army he would be likely to meet between his starting point at Florence and Nashville.

The Confederate army had the longest and muddiest road, but the advantage of several days in the start. The Union army had a good pike the whole distance, and the shortest road.

The two roads were nearly parallel some part of the way, but converged to a point at Columbia. With rather a gloomy prospect before them, in consequence of the recent news of the movements of the Confederate army, the Second Division, Fourth Corps, at 9 o'clock a. m. on the 24th of November took up the line of march for Columbia.

They moved rapidly, meeting with no obstruction of any kind while on the march, and arrived at Columbia about 5 o'clock p. m. of the same day.

They were not a moment too soon. Brisk



THE CARTER HOUSE.

skirmishing was heard toward the west as the division took their position in some rifle-pits that had been recently constructed. It was this time that Gen. Stanley referred to in his report when he says: "A division of the Twenty-third Corps was skirmishing with the advance of Hood's army, just about to enter Columbia." Columbia is situated on the south bank of Duck River. The river is not wide at this point, not over 50 yards, but very

RAPID AND DEEP, and at this time overflowing its banks in some places.

The Second Division remained in the same position through the night, and through the whole of the next day until about 9 o'clock p. m., when they were moved down to the river and made an attempt to cross on the pontoon bridge, but failed, in consequence of the breaking of the bridge. The division returned to their old quarters in the rifle-pits for the night, where they remained until the next day, and at 9 o'clock p. m. they made another effort to cross the river, and, after considerable detention in crossing, succeeded, and were all safely over about 12 o'clock. The division went into camp near the pike about two miles north of Duck River, where they remained until the morning of Nov. 29.

While the division was waiting at this camp more knowledge was somehow obtained of the movements of the Confederate army that were not very reassuring for their safety while on the march to Nashville. The fact became very well known that a whole corps of Hood's army had crossed Duck River five miles above Columbia, and was making all haste to intercept the army at Spring Hill. It was also known that For-



RESTED THEIR JUNCTIONS

rested whole corps of cavalry were in the front and on both flanks of the retreating army.

The ostensible object of this move was to do at Spring Hill what they had foolishly neglected to do at Columbia.

The First and Third Divisions of the Fourth Corps followed the Second Division across Duck River, and either took up or

DESTROYED THE PONTON BRIDGE

that had done such good service for the Union army. The First and Third Divisions of the Fourth Corps were the last



THE GIN HOUSE.

troops that crossed Duck River at Columbia on the retreat from Pulaski to Nashville. They went into camp near the river, and very soon engaged in skirmishing with the rebels across the river. The fight across the river at times more resembled a regular battle than a skirmish, so determined were the rebels to make a crossing at this point.

The skirmishing continued until the evening of the 29th day of November, when they withdrew to their camp, and made hasty preparation to resume their march toward Nashville. They lighted numerous campfires, sufficient in extent for the use of a large army, and when all had become still quietly withdrew from their camp and resumed their march toward Spring Hill.

About 8 o'clock a. m. the Second Division, Fourth Corps, on the 29th day of November, moved out from their camp, two miles north of Duck River, to the pike, to take up the line of march to Spring Hill. The war-clouds were gathering thick and fast about them, yet there was not the least appearance of despondency, but all were cheerful, and ready to fight the whole rebel army, if perchance they happened to cross their path that day.

It was not necessary for them to fill up their cartridge-boxes, for

NOT A SHOT

had been fired by the division since they left Pulaski. Preparations for the march were quickly made. The division was formed in close column, the First Brigade, Gen. Opdycke commanding, in advance, followed by the Second and Third Brigades, commanded respectively by Gen. Lane and Gen. Conrad. There were no cavalry at hand to go forward as the advance-guard of the division, and Gen. Wagner detached the 73d Ill., of the First Brigade, to do the work of cavalry, and march one mile in advance of the division. There were no wagons with the division, not even an ambulance; but part of a battery, with the caissons, followed in the rear. It was about 8:30 o'clock a. m. when the march to Spring Hill commenced. The pike was in good condition, and the sky clear. There was no skirmishing with cavalry, or molestation by the enemy in any way, during the forenoon.

It was a splendid sight, where the division was nearing Spring Hill, with the bright sun glistening upon the muskets, at right-shoulder shift, as they came swinging down the pike, with that easy, swinging step so common to the veterans of the army. It was now about 1 o'clock p. m. Gen. Wagner and his staff had gone to the front, and was with the advance-guard in or near the town, when the pleasing scene just mentioned was suddenly changed.

A STAFF OFFICER WAS SEEN

coming down the pike at full speed, and reining up his horse in front of the division, he saluted Col. Russell, of the 44th Ill.:

"It is the order of the General command-

ing that the division advance immediately into the town on the double-quick."

Col. Russell repeated the order, and, quicker than these lines could be written, the division was on a full run into the town of Spring Hill. The advance-guard, on passing through the town a short distance, found the pike barricaded, and a double column of Forrest's cavalry directly across the pike, and the flanks of the column extending beyond their vision. The guard at once commenced skirmishing with the cavalry, and were soon joined by the whole division, with the battery bringing up the rear.

The division was quickly deployed into position. The battery made a right wheel at the first street-crossing, advanced about 100 yards to a rise in the ground, unlimbered, and opened fire on the left flank of the cavalry, in plain view, and in less than one-half mile distant.

The division, with the help of the battery, soon brushed the cavalry away and DROVE THEM OUT OF SIGHT, and no more was seen of them that day, and the barricade was soon removed. But this was not the end of the fight for that day. To the northeast and east of the village the Second and Third Brigades met a division of Hood's army, and it was continual skirmish or battle with them until night. Call it a skirmish or battle, as you choose, it was sufficiently interesting to the inhabitants of the village to make them take shelter in their cellars as the balls came pattering against their houses.

Most of the casualties of the day were in the Second and Third Brigades. Gen. Stanley, in his report of the situation of the army at this time, says:

"On two occasions the enemy was very near attaining the advantage he sought of us. The first was at Columbia. The second and greatest escape for us was at Spring Hill, when, with a whole corps in line-of-battle, the left of the line within 600 yards of the road, they allowed all our army, except Wagner's Division, which had fought them during the day, to pass them with impunity during the night."

It was undoubtedly a part of these troops that skirmished with the Second Division

all of the afternoon of the 29th of November. Hood had sufficient force at hand, if he had made the attack, to have crushed the Second Division, and by placing his army directly across this road, intercepted the First and Third Divisions of the Fourth Corps and

PREVENTED THEIR JUNCTIONS

with the rest of the army at Franklin. But he didn't, as we shall presently see.

The night of the 29th day of November was partly starlight and partly cloudy, weather moderate—no wind. Between 8 and 9 o'clock, when the picket-firing had entirely ceased and all had become quiet, Gen. Wagner called in the Second and Third Brigades and, quietly leaving the town, took up the line of march in rear of the train, that was somewhere at that time between Spring Hill and Franklin, leaving the First Brigade as the rear-guard of the whole army between Spring Hill and Franklin.

Gen. Opdycke established his Headquarters in the "saddle" close to the pike and near the north side of town. He immediately placed the whole brigade on picket, completely surrounding the town, with orders to creep up as near the rebel army as possible without endangering a challenge, and silently watch. Many of them reported being so near the rebel campfires as to be able to

PLAINLY HEAR CONVERSATIONS.

Some historians have made the statement



AN ALMOST DAILY OCCURRENCE.

wheels cut down, but the worst sight of all was at Thompson's Station, where two or three six-mule teams were bayoneted and lay stretched out on the pike, still harnessed to the wagon. After forming in column on the pike, the brigade moved on to within one mile of Franklin, where the pike passed through the gap in the line of hills south of the town. Gen. Opdycke's

HOSE WAS KILLED

under him by a rebel sharpshooter, while giving directions for the placing of some guns on the side of the hill east of the pike. On the brow of this hill is a good place to take a panoramic view of the battlefield of Franklin. The river at this place makes a complete oxbow bend, with the town of Franklin in the apex of the bend, extending south a half mile or so.

Across the river, away to the northeast, a mile from the battlefield, stands Fort Granger, Gen. Schofield's Headquarters during the battle. About a hundred yards south of the town are the line of rifle-pits extending the whole distance in a circular form from the river above on the left to the river below on the right. About 100 yards east from the pike, and near the rifle-pits,

They watched and waited; every eye was on the watch, every ear strained to catch the faintest sound of their approaching comrades. It was long past midnight when, far away, appeared the head of the

SLOWLY-APPROACHING COLUMNS

of the two divisions of the Fourth Corps, the First and Third. Nearer and nearer they came, amidst the gleaming of the rebel campfires. It was as still and solemn as the tick of the death-watch at midnight; not a word was spoken, not a drum was beaten, not a gun was fired, not a flag was unfurled, not a sentinel challenged. It was tramp,



BRIDGE OVER THE HARPETH.

tramp, tramp, silently and sullenly, right between the open jaws of death itself. The First Brigade, Second Division, Fourth Corps, were the only spectators, and the First and Third Divisions, Fourth Corps, passing through the sleeping hordes of Hood's army, were the actors in that drama. Such circumstances never before occurred, and will probably never be repeated.

It was very interesting to watch the faces of the soldiers as they passed Headquarters when the question was asked, sotto voce,

"WHAT TROOPS ARE THESE?"

answered (same voice), "The First Brigade, Second Division, Fourth Corps, rear-guard of the whole army," to see the change in the countenances from despair to hope. Many such exclamations as "Good-by, Libby"; "But didn't we smell Andersonville, though, just now"; "That's strategy," etc.

It was 5 o'clock on the morning of Nov. 30 when the last soldier and the last pack-mule passed Headquarters near the pike on the north side of the town.

Gen. Opdycke quietly called in his brigade and formed them in line-of-battle in two equal battalions directly across the pike—the first line facing front and the second line facing the rear with two Napoleons side by side in the center on the pike; a company of pioneers with axes in front to clear away any obstructions that might impede the march, and a company of flankers on the right and left of each line-of-battle.

It was near daylight when all was ready, and the order was given to the first line to march a half mile, more or less, to suit the distance to the topography of the country; to halt, about face, and stand in line-of-battle until the second line-of-battle passed through the ranks and performed the same duty as the first line; the Napoleons always halting in the rear line.

It was in this formation that the First Brigade marched the whole distance (some 15 or 16 miles) from Spring Hill to Franklin, except when, within two miles of Franklin, they formed in column on the pike.

So soon as it was light

SKIRMISHING COMMENCED

with Forrest's cavalry, and was kept up in a lively manner, especially by the rear column, and it happened quite often that the Napoleons—sometimes one and sometimes both of them—took a hand in the fight when the cavalry pressed the line rather too fast on the pike.

Most of the damage done to the train by Forrest's cavalry occurred between Spring Hill and Franklin, but it was comparatively small considering the opportunities afforded. Occasionally the pioneers would clear the pike of a burned wagon for the passage of the guns, and a few wagons were looted and the



AN ALMOST DAILY OCCURRENCE.

wheels cut down, but the worst sight of all was at Thompson's Station, where two or three six-mule teams were bayoneted and lay stretched out on the pike, still harnessed to the wagon. After forming in column on the pike, the brigade moved on to within one mile of Franklin, where the pike passed through the gap in the line of hills south of the town. Gen. Opdycke's

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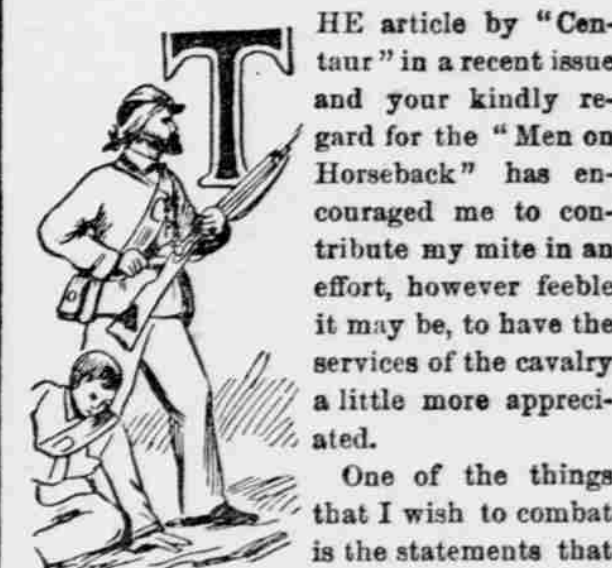
(Continued on second page.)

SOLDIERS OF
THE SADDLE.Men on Horseback Proved Brave and
True.

PERILOUS WORK.

The Onerous Duty of Showing
off a Major-General.

COLD STEEL FIGHTS.

A Record that Showed no
Ornamental Posing.BY H. O. CROSBY, CO. A, 5TH U. S. CAV., FORT
WAYNE, IND.

THE article by "Centaur" in a recent issue and your kindly regard for the "Men on Horseback" has encouraged me to contribute my mite in an effort, however feeble it may be, to have the services of the cavalry a little more appreciated.

One of the things that I wish to combat is the statements that cavalry were of little service in the beginning of the war. This, I think can be shown, is an error, and if the persons who so frequently make the statement, if in the service then, would only bestir their languid minds they could recall many instances of seeing frequent cases of hard and perilous work done by the cavalry while they were taking their ease in well-guarded camps.

Take, for instance, my old regiment. Three companies assisted in the capture of Alexandria, Va. Fifty men of Co. B, under Lieut. Tompkins, in a reconnaissance to Fairfax Courthouse, May 31, 1861, captured two picket stations, charged three times through the town.

ROUTED THE REBELS,

killing and wounding 25 and losing by wounds six men and 13 horses killed. Four companies under Maj. George H. Thomas, afterward Major-General, were in the advance of Patterson's column, and participated in the skirmishes at Falling Waters, Martinsburg, and Banker Hill. Six companies were in the Manassas campaign, losing three men at Blackburn's Ford. At Bull Run they supported batteries until Kirby Smith stampeded the infantry; then were used to cover the retreat, and served as rear-guard until Centerville was reached. From that time on they were employed on picket and reconnoitering duties, frequently helping Major- and Brigadier-Generals in showing off, as escorts, body-guards, and such infernal work. A more exasperating duty cannot be found for a soldier to perform than following those chaps around, a majority of whom had

NOT YET SEEN A JOHNNY,

and, what is more, did not want to see one so long as requisitions on the Commissary

Department were honored and Uncle Sam paid them from \$400 to \$800 a month.

In March, 1862, a detachment of the regiment, under Lieuts. Custer and McIntosh, drove the enemy across Cedar Run. From there the regiment went to Yorktown, and were employed in picket and reconnoissance duty, and engaged the enemy at Lee's Mills and Warwick Creek. After the evacuation of Yorktown the regiment was skirmishing every day to the Chickahominy, then again on picket duty, until they led the advance and opened the battle of Hanover Courthouse, captured 190 prisoners, and received the thanks of the commanding General.

About this time, at New Bridge, Co. G, by their work, brought Lieut. Custer to the attention of his superior officers, which resulted finally with his achieving two stars, and I am willing to give him credit for never forgetting the regiment. Then more scouting to Ashland; hard and dangerous work. Next, four companies under Capt. Royall scouted in the vicinity of Old Church. There was what the boys called a cold-steel fight, Capt. Royall getting as his share six sabers cut, Lieut. McLean being wounded and captured, four men killed, and 35 captured. They made the entire circuit of their

army, but did not stop long enough en route to count how many Johnnies they had hurt. Then there was more scouting toward White House.

NEXT A SKIRMISH

with Jackson's advance at Polgreen's Church; a charge of five companies on Hood's Division at Gaines's Mills followed, the command being about 250 strong, when the loss was six officers and 54 men killed, wounded and captured, and 24 horses killed.

This was the charge which, if properly supported by some of those brilliant Infantry Generals,—Porter, for instance,—would have saved that part of the army north of the Chickahominy, and there might have been a different story of the Peninsular campaign. So I might keep on up till January, '63, when Hooker went into "infantry history" as never having seen a dead cavalryman. The trouble was he never got far enough to the front for that.

The duty cavalrymen did around Headquarters demonstrated one fact that a great many of us have never forgotten: that the most valuable Aids-de-Camp were newspaper reporters. There is one of these Generals living yet who has of recent date attacked the men in the ranks. That is the greatest mystery to me of the war. I have read pages on pages, both history and current literature, endeavoring to

JUSTIFY THE MISTAKE,

and for my life I cannot understand how he attained the rank of Major-General. I cannot look upon him other than the greatest fizzle of the war. Honestly, I do not believe he could perform the duties of a "Brevet Lance Corporal on suspicion" successfully.

Now, in conclusion, I find that my regiment during the time that it is claimed that cavalry was simply an ornament, viz., from May 23, '61, to Dec. 30, '62, was in exactly 50 battles, skirmishes, and scoutings; our loss amounted to 165, the regiment being only 10 companies strong, no company with 50 men in it. At no time was the regiment engaged as an entire regiment, and at no time that I can recall was it commanded by a field officer after Pap Thomas was taken from us.

I cannot understand how regiments like the 1st Me. Cav., 1st Vt. Cav., 6th Pa. Cav., 8th Ill. Cav., and 1st and 2d U. S. Cav. could have stood up so long under the charge of not doing anything, until Hooker made them, without hitting back. They surely do not lack the "sand" to fight back.

Dog and Crane Fight it Out.

In the Fall a big white crane got in the habit of stealing fish from Mrs. Myra Hooker's carp pond in Sicker's Creek, says the Saratoga correspondent of the New York Sun. The long-legged bird was so handsome that Mrs. Hooker liked to look at it, and as there were a good many more carp in the pond than she could make use of, she let the crane come around and help itself to fish as often as it pleased.

Before long the crane saw that Mrs. Hooker meant to be friendly, for instead of stealing up to the pond as it had done at first, it alighted near the pond as though it had a right to, waded in leisurely, and soon sailed off to the swamp with a carp flopping in its strong jaws.

Within a fortnight Mrs. Hooker's moogral dog Dick began to take a dislike to the big bird, and one morning he laid his plans to nab it. He hid in some weeds, and when the crane alighted he sprang out at it, and met with the sorriest surprise of his life.

Dick made a miss, and the spunky bird hammered him on the head with its long bill, licked him in less than a minute, and sent him howling to the house with his left eye badly bunged up.

Mrs. Hooker saw the lively sport and went to Dick's assistance. She began to doctor the wounded eye, but her tender nursing was in vain, for the crane's bill had jammed the center of the optic and the sight was destroyed.

Dick kept away from the pond, and had a good deal of thinking while his wound was healing. He must have made up his mind to have revenge on the crane, Mrs. Hooker said, for as soon as his eye had got well he crawled under a root at the edge of the pond one morning and concealed himself till the crane waded in, raised one foot and pretended to be dozing, when he made a spring and caught it by the neck.

The crane kicked and flopped its wings, but Dick had a good hold, and he hauled the struggling fish-thief out of the water, dragged it along the meadow on a canter till he had choked it to death, and then snaked it to the dooryard, where he danced and barked around it in triumph till he had killed the enemy that had put out his eye.

In Trouble.

[Washington Post.]

Private John Allen, of Mississippi, is in a sad state. He feels himself absolutely adrift in darkness, without a single star to guide him. He says he came to Congress with absolute reliance on three things as Democratic:

1. That the Democratic party was surely for free coinage of silver.

2. That the Anglo-Saxon white man was the born ruler of all colors.

3. That Thomas Brackett Reed was an irrepressible tyrant without one redeeming trait.

"Last October the Democratic party, House, Senate, and President, set up the gold standard and stopped the coinage of silver," he said. "This bothered me, but I held on to the other two. Recently we voted to put a colored woman over American white men in Hawaii. That kept me awake all last night; but I said, 'I can cling to that principle about Reed. He certainly was a tyrant without one redeeming trait.' You can imagine my state of mind when the Speaker said that Reed, in the middle of an ugly fight, actually decided wrong out of a desire to give his enemies the best possible chance and out of kindness of heart. I am a Democrat yet, but I am just this minute out of reasons why."

Blowing Springs.

[St. Louis Globe-Democrat.]

"I have seen a few blowing springs, and I could never understand how they are formed or the cause for the outward current of air," said Bert Magoffin, of Kentucky, at the Southern. "There is one at Brandenburg, Ky., where the water coming from the spring is strongly impregnated with salt. There is sufficient breeze blowing from the spring to be distinctly felt and to blow a handkerchief quite violently. This breeze is intermittent. There is another one in Walker County, Ga., where the water is fresh and the breeze is considerably stronger. It can be distinctly heard, and when an ear is placed to this opening the wind can be heard as though a strong breeze was constantly blowing inside, while outside not a breath of air may appear to be stirring. I have never heard a reasonable explanation of these phenomena."